

Poor little infant Cuban republic! It died teething.

Never call a man a bad egg unless all possible tests prove him to be hopelessly bad.

The farm is the place for safety. Every man who is able should provide himself with a farm.

"Do your meals fit?" a writer asks. No, they are generally either a little too skimpy or else too full in the bowl.

Everybody in Cuba except the persons who are holding the offices seem to want the United States to intervene.

Marie Corelli vows that she loathes America. This settles it. We are going to admit that Half Caine looks like Shakespeare.

There is one argument in favor of spelling reform that its advocates seem to have overlooked. The English are opposed to it.

Naturally the dialect writers are opposed to the general adoption of the simplified form of spelling. It would kill their business.

In England a widow named Huggins is suing a tradesman for breach of promise. Probably trying to squeeze him for all she can get.

According to a New York newspaper, "the new alcohol will stimulate trade." The old kind, however, will continue to paralyze people.

"Thoroughly" is another example. It is a word that "conveys the large an idea" to be expressed adequately by such a shabby, sorry, ill-looking monstrosity as "thoroughly."

The Argentine Republic intends to invest \$20,000,000 in war ships. It may soon be time for some other great power to make a hasty purchase of war ships in South America.

If the Nestor of American humorists is in earnest in advocating the new orthography he ought not to spell his name "Samuel Langhorne Clemens" and pronounce it "Mark Twain."

Notwithstanding the fact that 4,865 persons were killed while walking on the railroad tracks in this country in 1906, there are still plenty of theatrical people taking that form of exercise.

The Indian who has just wedded Mary Kick-a-hole-in-the-sky and acquired a mother-in-law Afraid-of-no-man may soon be in a position to understand why marriage is often a failure.

Under the grant of liberties lately made to Finland, the right of suffrage was conferred on women. A few weeks later the legislative council of Victoria, Australia, rejected for the fourteenth time a proposition to permit women to vote. This is one of the differences between autocratic Russia and a democratic British colony.

American men, and especially Kentucky men, have always been noted for their appreciation of American women and their gallantry to them. Now they have their reward. Thirty-six Kentucky "schoolmarm" who spent the summer traveling on the continent, remarked, when they set foot upon their native soil again, that as compared with the Americans the men of Europe are "a most ornery-looking and ornery-acting lot." The girls seem to have accomplished Burke's impossibility of indicting a whole people.

Pennsylvania may now be ranked with those States which have secured new capital buildings erected within the amount appropriated. The new capitol in Harrisburg was turned over to the building commission by the contractors four months ahead of the date on which it was to have been finished. The cost of the building is \$40,000 less than the amount appropriated. The building itself is a splendid pile of granite, covering two acres of ground and surmounted by a dome 202 feet high. The State has followed the example set by the nation in the Congressional Library in Washington, for the original appropriation included several hundred thousand dollars to be spent on interior and exterior decorations by noted American painters and sculptors.

Co-operation in the vending of agricultural products has made some progress in this country, for example, in co-operative creameries; but the idea has not gone as far in practice here as in European countries: In Denmark three-quarters of the million cows are owned by farmers who are associated in the thousand or more co-operative creameries, and many bacon-curing establishments are organized on the co-operative system. Holland has a federation of co-operative dairies organized under royal patronage. In Siberia there are more than two thousand societies of farmers, which not only sell produce, but promote irrigation plans and other agricultural activities and buy implements, fertilizers and other farm supplies at wholesale. The development of the granges in America has been accompanied by some effort at economical co-operation, but so far this form of union has not made great progress, owing perhaps to the fact that prosperity has rendered such devices of economy less necessary here than in Europe. The fact that the farmers are scattered over a vast territory has also stood in the way of wide-spread co-operation.

Atherton Brownell contributes an article entitled "The Commercial Annexation of Cuba" to Appleton's Magazine, the facts and figures in which are of special significance in the present Cuban crisis. It shows that the interest

of the United States in Cuba is different in the year 1906 from what it was in 1898. Up to the earlier year American interests had invested in Cuba about \$80,000,000, principally in sugar and tobacco. As much more has been invested since the war, so that now the American capital invested in the island amounts to \$160,000,000. About 4,307,000 acres of land in Cuba, about 15 per cent of the whole area of the island, or a much larger percentage of the land under cultivation, belongs to Americans. Three-fourths of the \$40,000,000 worth of cattle on the island belong to Americans. One-third of the money invested in railroads, \$24,500,000, is American, as against \$18,931,000 Cuban and British. American capital monopolizes electric transportation, telegraph and telephone systems in Cuba. The bonds of the Cuban republic were bought by a New York house. American capital has given new life to the island, and our interest is no longer merely a sentimental one. The Cuban market is the only one in the world where the United States sells as many goods as all other nations combined. Cuba's buying power is about \$100,000,000 annually, and one-half of this is spent in the United States, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Bolivia, Argentina, Venezuela, and Brazil together do not buy as much as Cuba. Its 1,700,000 people, if there are that many there, buy from us more than the 500,000,000 people of Japan and China. Cuba has an open door. Americanization of Cuba will be a slow task, if not an impossible one, if by that is meant the substitution of Anglo-Saxon habits of thought in social relations or in business interests for the Spanish type. Americanization in the sense of making the United States the dominant factor in the material prosperity of the island and in the value of the interests as represented there has progressed a long way since the last Spanish governor general sailed away. American occupation, temporary though it was, freed Havana from the yellow fever pest and taught lessons of sanitation which have made the island a fit place for Americans to live in, and the number of colonists who have gone there from the United States is not insignificant. Atherton Brownell, in Appleton's Magazine, sums up the situation by saying that "in the four years since the intervention period a movement quietly has been going on that is rapidly tending toward practical commercial annexation." Under whatever form of government develops in Cuba, provided that it preserves order, further injection of American capital is inevitable. The future of Cuba and that of the United States are linked together by ties of mutual advantage, and as the natural resources of the island develop the time will soon come when a majority of the people of Cuba will be of American birth and allegiance, and a majority of the wealth will be an American possession. Then the Cuban problem will have disappeared.

Each spring it hides in its shadows A bright-eyed bird on a nest, And curves in alluring fashion A tail that invites to rest. A hatterant guards one corner, Wild grapes weave a leafy screen, And flaunting its orange berries The bittersweet creeps between.

Dark stained and warped by the weather And furrowed by rainy tears, It wears odd patches of lichen Put there by the passing years; Yet clothed it is in a beauty That changes from day to day, And leaves on my mind a picture That never shall fade away. —New York Sun.

POOR WILLIAM.

POOR WILLIAM always used to wipe his feet on the mat before he came into the house," observed Mrs. Ganderon, with a sigh. "He was always considerate in that way."

"I wiped my feet," protested Ganderon. "I never fail to wipe my feet. I've done it all my life, and it isn't likely that I'd forget to do it now."

"The what is that mud?" demanded his wife, pointing to some spots on the olecloth. "Nobody else has been in here this afternoon. I don't see why you should say you have wiped your feet if you haven't. You've got a perfect right to track up the whole house if you want to. It's your house. It may make a little more work for me, but then I haven't anything special to do except to clean up after you, and if I had it wouldn't matter, would it? Not enough to make you deny it? That was one thing about poor William. If he did anything he'd always own up to it."

"Of course," sneered Ganderon, stooping to unlace his shoes. "Indeed he did," assented Mrs. Ganderon. "Poor William!"

"Dara poor William!" muttered the man. "How long before supper's ready?" "James Broderick Ganderon!" exclaimed his wife. "Well! I'm surprised at you. To say things like that about the dead! I wonder there isn't a judgment on you. But you always did seem to have a grudge against poor William."

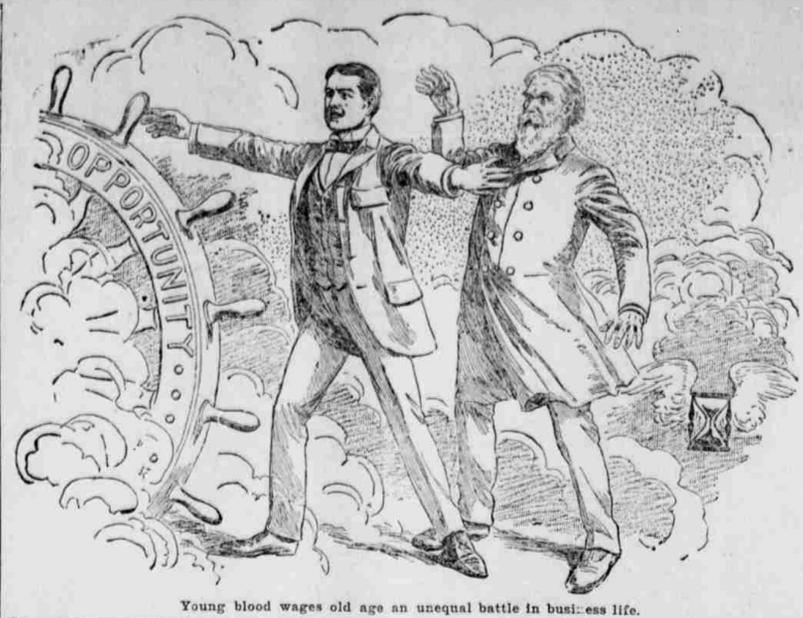
"Not me," said Ganderon, surlily. "I'm sorry he died. I wish he were alive and well again this minute. I've no grudge against him, further than that."

Mrs. Ganderon set the teakettle that she was holding with her apron down on the stove and applied a corner of the garment to her eyes. "Well, there, now, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," said her husband, half repentantly. "Only you always told me that you and he didn't get along together any too well, and now you're always throwing him up to me. He didn't do this and he didn't do that, and he always used to do this and that and the other. I'm sick of him. But what's the use of making a fuss? Forget it."

The woman gave her eyes another wipe and sighed. "How would you like me to forget you?" she asked. "Poor William had his faults, as we all have, but—" Ganderon threw the shoes he was holding at a corner of the kitchen, missed it and knocked a pot of ferns off the window sill. Then he kicked the kitten to one side and strode out of the room. Mrs. Ganderon sunk into the Boston rocker and burst into sobs. A thump or two overhead and the slam of a door indicated that Ganderon had sought the seclusion of the spare bedroom.

The fat in the frying pan on the stove began to burn and emit unpleasant odors, but Mrs. Ganderon remained oblivious until a ring at the doorbell sounded sharply through the cottage. Then she jerked the pan quickly off the stove and set it in the sink and stood listening.

The bell rang again, still more sharply, and as there was no sign of response from above Mrs. Ganderon untied her apron and opened the door. A sour-featured, thin and elderly woman dressed in black stood before her. She uttered a cry that was almost one of dismay. "Why, Mother Wa-



Young blood wages old age an unequal battle in business life.

A STRIP OF RAIL FENCE.

It binds the end of the orchard That slopes away to the east, And stored in its tangle borders Is many a luscious feast. A hatterant guards one corner, Wild grapes weave a leafy screen, And flaunting its orange berries The bittersweet creeps between.

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ters!" she exclaimed, and, hesitating an instant, bent forward and pecked at the old woman's cheek. "I ain't got but an hour to stay," said the visitor, depositing a small telescope in the hall. "I'm on my way to Lucy's folks an' I had to change cars here, so I thought I'd stop in an' see you. No, I won't go into the settin' room; I'll go into the kitchen. You've got somethin' burnin' there. What are you doin'? Gettin' supper? Is your husband home?"

She looked around the kitchen with a disparaging air and seated herself in the rocker and loosened her bonnet strings. "What done that?" she demanded, pointing to the broken flower pot.

"—I guess it was the cat," replied Mrs. Ganderon, as the old woman continued her survey of the room. "Hm—m!" said the visitor. "I don't see as you've bettered yourself much, by the looks o' things."

"What's the matter with things?" queried Mrs. Ganderon, rather sharply, in her turn. "What did you do with that poor William left?" asked the old woman, still looking around and disregarding the question.

"Do you mean his debts? I went to work and paid 'em off," replied Mrs. Ganderon, with increased resentment in her tone. "That's all he left me." "You must have been in a kind of a hurry to marry again, seems like," said the old woman, with a sniff. "Poor William! He little knew!"

"He little cared, too, I can tell you, Mother Waters," said Mrs. Ganderon, with heightened color. "I don't call three years being in a hurry. I didn't see why I shouldn't have a chance to be happy once in my life, and when Mr. Ganderon—"

"You've been cryin'," said Mother Waters, accusingly. "You needn't tell



"HE LED ME A DOG'S LIFE."

me. Talk about bein' happy! When I come in an' see broken crockery an' men's shoes lyin' around an' a woman cryin' I guess I can put two and two together. I expect you've got a nice sort of a man. When poor William was alive—"

"When poor William was alive—well, I don't want to speak too harshly of him, but if you start talking that way about the best man that ever walked, I'll say my say. When William was alive he led me a dog's life, if ever a man did. There wasn't a day when he didn't abuse me, and you know it just as well as I do, and you encouraged him in it. Mr. Ganderon may have his faults, but I can tell you there aren't many of them, and he doesn't stay out all night and then come home and swear at me. He's as kind and good as he can be, and if I was crying it was because I was a fool, and I don't thank you now for equing here and trying to make trouble."

Mother Waters rose. "I'll certainly not stay where I'm not wanted," she said. "I won't trouble you to see me to the door. I can find my way myself. Oh, poor William!"

A moment later the street door slammed, and a man who had been leaning over the railing of the stairs withdrew his grinning face and tiptoed back to the spare room. As he gently closed the door he smothered a chuckle. "I wonder if poor William did wipe his feet?" he said. —Chicago Daily News.

WOMAN'S WAY WITH A MAID.

How One Housekeeper Disposes of the Servant Problem. During fifteen years I have had in my service six girls who have been a comfort and help such as no mere servant can be, says a writer in Good Housekeeping.

I have never paid wages higher than my neighbors have done, and our home is so small that a maid has to be content with humble accommodations. I have given, however, what every mistress does not bestow—frequently does not believe in—a certain friendliness, cordial sympathy, an interest in the inner life of a girl whose flesh and blood, whose heart, ambitions and lives are not so different from my own. One plan I have carried out for years has aided me largely in making the

best of each maid who comes into my household. One month I give her an afternoon of companionship, not in the duties of the house, but in some little trip for recreation she chooses by herself.

Sometimes I accompany her to a matinee, while on pleasant summer days we go plinking in the woods or to some shore resort. There have been afternoons spent in museums and art galleries, where a glimpse of things rare and beautiful means much to such a girl.

If you will try it, making yourself a key to the mysteries of such an exhibit, you will really find a great deal of pleasure in it. Hundreds of women go out of their way to do such work from a settlement standpoint, but it never occurs to them to give such a pleasure to a girl working in their own kitchens.

It is not alone the pleasure given that is appreciated; it is the companionship and kindly interest I find most valued. The holiday I give is not the weekly Thursday off, it is some other convenient day, and you will find as I do that the work has all been satisfactorily completed before the vacation occurs.

CHINESE SKILL WITH AXES.

Carpenters of Cathay Will Compare with Occidentals. Naturally pre-eminant among the skilled craftsmen of China the carpenter still maintains the leadership. Though almost invariably wedded to the use of the tools of his ancestors and to their methods, judged by results he is more efficient in his line than are the average of the foreign trained fitters and machinists in theirs, though a constant diminution of the difference is in progress.

In judging the performance of the native workmen it is almost impossible to avoid the popular bias that addition to their own methods and tools invariably bespeaks fatuous conservatism. Though this is in many cases true, it will often be found on careful observation that what has passed for a stubborn blindness to the virtue of innovation is in reality a keener perception of comparative merits than the judge himself was aware of.

This is particularly true of Chinese carpenters. While most of their commonest tools differ in some radical way from our own, it is never safe to assume the superiority of the western product. Their small ax, for example, is a beautifully balanced tool and they are remarkably adept in the use of it, being able to work as true a surface therewith as can be obtained with an adze in the hands of the white man.

On heavy work it is customary for two to hew together on opposite sides, striking alternative blows. Both hands are used and the recover is over the shoulder, alternate right and left. There is a freedom of swing with an accuracy of delivery that is a treat to watch and the rapidity of blows is almost bewildering.—Engineering Magazine.

Near the Breaking Point.

The engagement between a wealthy Baltimore belle and an impecunious clubman of that city was at one time last winter perilously near the "breaking off" point, and all by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant of whom the young man had ordered flowers for his beloved.

It appears that the young fellow had hastily dispatched to the florist's establishment two cards, one bearing an order for roses to be sent to the young lady's address and the other intended to be attached to the flowers.

What was the astonishment and indignation of the beloved one when on taking the roses from their box she found affixed the card bearing the legend: "Roses. Do the best you can for \$3." —Harper's Weekly.

What a Birdless World Would Be.

If the world were birdless, a naturalist declares, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The insects and slugs would simply eat all the orchards and crops in that time.

Turn About.

"Her letters used to be terribly misspelled." "Aren't they now?" "No, since Roosevelt's spelling-reform move her letters are perfect and mine are misspelled."—Hunston Post.

The advertisements say of a certain soap: "It is as pure as the thoughts of childhood." "How will you have your eggs?" a waiter inquired of a spiritualist. "Medium," he replied.



Origins of the Circus.

All the boys and girls—and grown people, too—like to go to the circus, and perhaps they would be glad to know when and where that popular form of show originated. It is said that it dates back in 1770, when Philip Astley, a discharged English soldier, unprovided a ring at Lambeth, England, and gave exhibitions of horsemanship. His success was great, and soon afterward he built a rude circus near Westminster Bridge, on the site now occupied by the building that bears his name. There was no roof over the original structure, except that part of it occupied by the spectators, the ring being in the open air. His wife took part in the performance, being the first woman to enter the arena. This venture was so successful that Astley was able, in 1780, to put up a large and handsome amphitheater.

Now and again he lazily rises and makes the rounds of his establishments, to see that all goes well. If he is industrious he will thus collect three or four pounds of rubber in a day. The whole caravan will average perhaps two pounds to each person. When the calabashes are all full or night is coming on the return march begins. The home-coming is marked by general congratulations on the part of those who stayed behind, while every proud owner of a calabash or two of rubber recounts terrible adventures, in the shape of spoofs, leopards and what not, which have befallen him in the forest.

The rubber must then be boiled in an iron pot to make it coagulate. Boiled into a ball, it is then carried to a trading station to be sold. As the payment goes by weight, a stone or piece of iron or lead is often placed in the center of the ball—which the white man discovers by cutting up the ball before he weighs it. The negroes seem to delight in the work when carried on thus in their own way, and in British and French West Africa no difficulty is found in persuading them to do so. As a result, the rubber exports from the west coast are increasing with great rapidity.

It is very nice, indeed, To play at having tea; To bring our cups and saucers out And invite company.

To set the dairy sugared cakes All in a row so nice; And play a glass of water Is delicious lemon ice.

To sit and chat and feed our dolls, Beneath a great shade tree, Ah, that is just the sort of fun For girls like you and me.

No Baby in the House. No baby in the house, I know, 'Tis far too nice and clean; No tops, by careless fingers thrown Upon the floor, are seen; No finger-marks are on the panes, No scratches on the chairs; No wooden men set up in rows, Or marshaled off in pairs; No little stockings to be darned, All ragged at the toes; No pile of mending to be done, Made up of baby clothes; No little troubles to be soothed, No little hands to fold; No grimy fingers to be washed, No stories to be told; No tender kisses to be given, No nicknames—Love and Mouse— No merry frolics after tea— No baby in the house!

Now is the Watchword. "Now" is the syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or bodily, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is a sorry way to get through the world by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." "Now" is ours. "Then" we may never have.

Fleecy Lanterns. The fireflies of South America are very beautiful and brilliant. So bright, indeed, are they that two or three will illuminate a hut as well as candles, and the natives often read by the light they give.

When the Indian hunter prepares for a journey through the forest at night his lantern is one of these beetles fastened to his toe. Not only does it light his way, but also frightens away snakes and other dangerous reptiles.

The Symbols of Japan. The imperial house of Japan owns three symbols which are carried before the Emperor on all state occasions. These symbols are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and each has its own significance. The mirror signifies "know thyself," "be pure and shine" is the message of the crystal, while the sword is a reminder to "be sharp."

What a Little Girl Said.

One evening when 4-year-old Lennie was watching the full moon rise she exclaimed: "Oh, come! See the sun all faded out!"

Getting Rubber in Nigeria.

Since the production of india rubber has become one of the industries of British Nigeria, says the author of "Affairs of West Africa," the collection of the sap is carried off by whole villages in much the same happy companionship as that with which American children go gathering nuts in the fall.

Soon after dawn all the available men and women of a village gather together—a light-hearted, jabbering crowd. Extraordinary animation reigns throughout the village. The ground is strewn with calabashes, machetes, knives, dried yams in bags, bottles of water, spears and flint-lock guns. There is always something on the prowl in an African forest—a man, a leopard or a "spirit"—and the weapons are a necessary precaution.

Through the village and beyond it, passing plantations of millet, yams, Indian corn and cassava, winds the caravan, with implements and utensils borne on heads. At the edge of the forest, reduced to single file and a mile or more long, it plunges into an atmosphere of gloomy, fantastic weirdness, and disappears among the silent shadows of the giant trees.

The bare foot of the natives sink noiselessly in generations of rotting leaves. The air is humid and enervating. The procession glides along as if oppressed by some awesome presence. It is a world of black shadows and mysterious depths. A hot breath, laden with sticky and overpowering perfume, rises in stifling gusts till the brain reels

and one longs for air and light and a sight of green fields.

Suddenly is given a glimpse of paradise—a view of the heavens where some great tree has fallen, leaving a rent in the forest dome. In that temporary clearing nature seems to have lavished all her gifts. Festoons of glorious orchids stretch out capricious blooms, and wild tanarindis, with exquisite, plump-like fruit, invite the touch. Countless butterflies hover about fruit and flowers.

In the caravan every member acts now independently of the rest. No sooner does he pitch upon a spot which seems propitious than down comes the load off his head. A luncheon of yams and water refreshes him, and going from tree to tree, he makes gashes in the bark and hangs his calabashes to catch the sap. Then feeling fully satisfied with his labors, he casts himself down upon the ground, and lies there, heedless of the crawling legions of insects.

Now and again he lazily rises and makes the rounds of his establishments, to see that all goes well. If he is industrious he will thus collect three or four pounds of rubber in a day. The whole caravan will average perhaps two pounds to each person. When the calabashes are all full or night is coming on the return march begins. The home-coming is marked by general congratulations on the part of those who stayed behind, while every proud owner of a calabash or two of rubber recounts terrible adventures, in the shape of spoofs, leopards and what not, which have befallen him in the forest.

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TO STUDY DESERT FLORA.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal's Plans for Mexican Investigation—Water Plants. Dr. Daniel Trembley MacDougal, director of the department of botanical research of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, has left New York for the City of Mexico, whence he will proceed on a trip for a general examination of Mexican deserts, says the New York Post. He will go southward to the elevated desert valleys (lying at an altitude of about 6,000 feet and make a study of the characteristic plants of the region. In this work he will be joined by Dr. J. N. Rose of the United States National Museum, who is engaged, with Dr. N. L. Britton, director of the New York Botanical Garden, in a critical study of the cactaceae. Dr. Rose has preceded him to the City of Mexico.

By arrangement with the New York garden they will ship to it specimens of the cacti collected, to enrich the already admirable collection of those plants in the Bronx conservatories. Tehuacan, the region to be visited, lies about 300 miles south of the City of Mexico. Its flora is reported to include several species of tree cactus quite as large as the giant cactus, or saguaro, of Arizona, which are but little known to scientific men. It is hoped that living specimens of these may be sent safely to the New York Botanical Garden and also to the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Ariz., which was established by the Carnegie Institution.

The especial object of Dr. MacDougal's trip is a study of the storage organs of desert plants, a subject to which he has paid attention for several years. So far as present observations go, he says, devices for storing water in bulk are found chiefly in plants living in regions in which the total rainfall of the year comes within very limited periods. Some species have been found which are provided with such massive reservoirs that a supply of water sufficient to meet the needs of the plant for a quarter of a century could be stored within them. The Tehuacan region is said to comprise some species of which individuals can hold in reserve from fifty to 100 gallons of water.

The total desert area of North America is placed by Dr. MacDougal at not less than 2,000,000 square miles. This will be his first visit to southern Mexico. He has already visited, for botanical exploration, the deserts of northern Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and California. After passing about six weeks in the Mexican desert valleys, he will go to the desert laboratory, where he will remain most of the time till late in the coming winter, carrying forward experimental investigations of desert plants which are already under way.

Ways of the Tobacco User. In Europe, more especially in the British Isles, the consumer of cigars requires that they should be dry; in fact, almost brittle. It is a common incident in that country to see a smoker take his cigar and place it to his ear to see if it will give forth a crackling sound, and if it does not crackle the cigar is considered too moist. Pipe-smoking tobacco, however, are required very moist. In the United States the proper condition for cigars and pipe-smoking tobacco is just the reverse. The American smoker requires his cigars in such a condition that the wrapper, binder and filler will yield to the pressure of the fingers without cracking or breaking the wrapper, while on the other hand the smoking tobacco, especially the granulated tobacco, must be moderately dry.—Science.

Talked Shop.

"I spent a pleasant half hour in a barber's chair yesterday."

"How was that?"

"Listening to the barber's story of how his brother went suddenly insane and slashed a customer. The barber explained between strokes that insanity ran in his family."—Columbus Press-Post.